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MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS
THE X-MEN'S
HAVOK
WHEN ONE FALLS...

MARVEL® COMICS PRESENTS™

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HAVOK "PHARAOH'S LEGACY" 1

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BLACK PANTHER "PANTHER'S QUEST" 9

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COLDBLOOD "RISE AND SHINE" 17

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QUASAR 25

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"A HEART BEATEN" — PART 6 OF 8

Despite the many obstacles thrown in his way, Havok has tracked down Leila O'Toole to the Cairo Pyramid Confectioners Co. Here he is confronted by The Cult of the Living Pharaoh and forced into a death match with the Trackers, *Fist of the Pharaoh*...

"LOST PROMISES" — PART 17 OF 25

The Great Cat despairs. His quest to find his mother in South Africa seems almost inconsequential now. Theodore Olebogeng has died. He should try to meet Patrick Slade, the curio shop owner whose mysterious message brought him to the land of apartheid, but the heart has gone out of the Black Panther. Life has died, and his quest is dying.

"THE STRIP" — PART 4 OF 10

In the false library (actually a command and control center), Gina Dyson restores Coldblood-7's past—but only in the form of data input for his computer. His actual memories will remain forever lost—and with no time to hear the computer's cold hard facts, he now knows only that he is a dead man, brought back to life as a cyborg by the cyber-surgeon, Gina Dyson herself. But now wishing to save him from her boss, the mysterious Mako, she ensures that Coldblood-7 will suffer no further shutdowns, thus paving the way for escape...

"IT CAME FROM WITHIN..."

He is the latest in a long succession of beings who have borne the gravest responsibility of all—the *protectorship* of the *entire universe*. To carry out his mission, he wears the *quantum-bands*, twin alien *power objects* enabling him to bend virtually *all energy* to his will.

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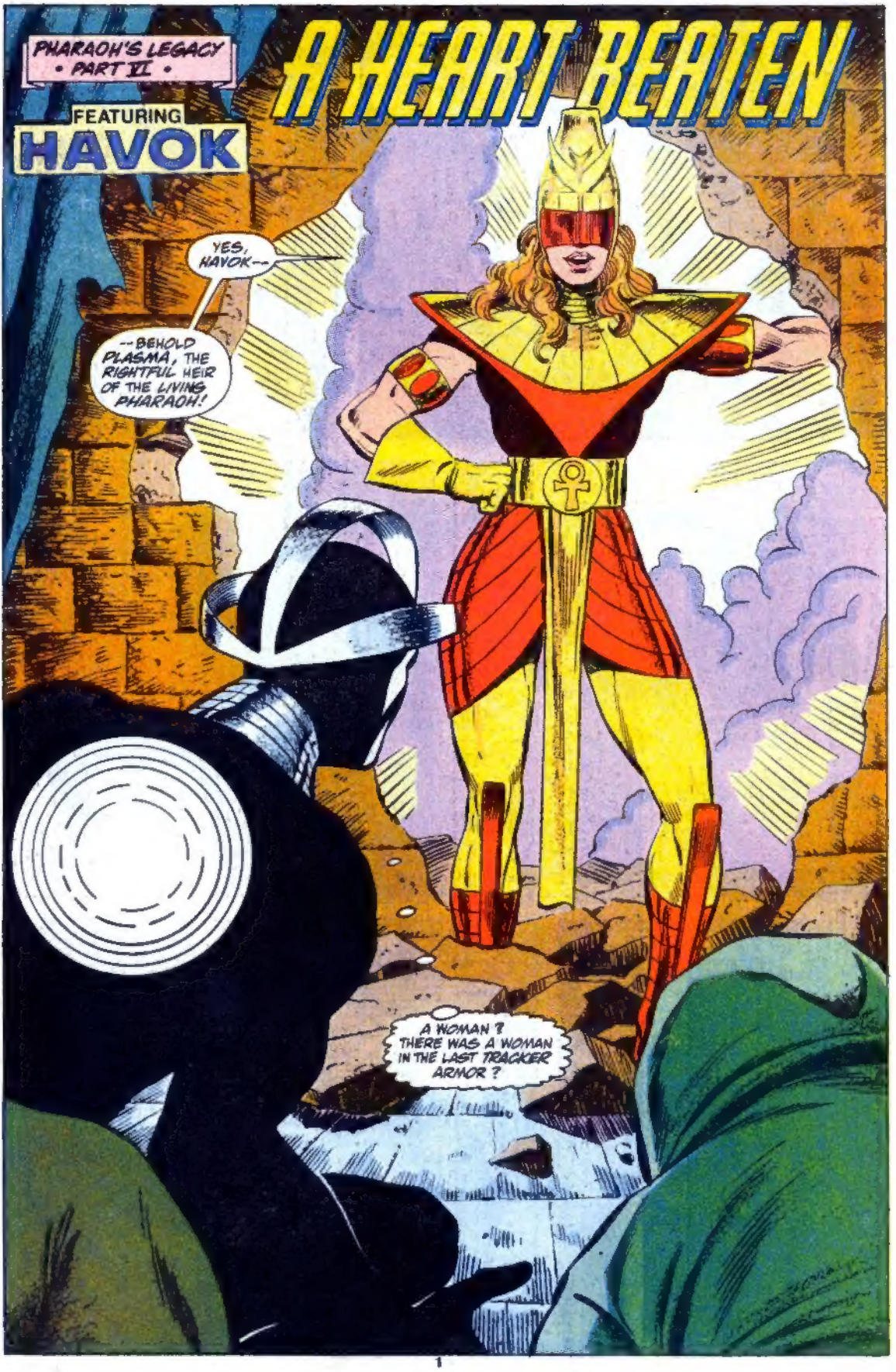

PHARAOH'S LEGACY
• PART VI •
FEATURING
HAVOK
A HEART BEATEN
YES, HAVOK--
--BEHOLD PLASMA, THE RIGHTFUL HEIR OF THE LIVING PHARAOH!
A WOMAN ? THERE WAS A WOMAN IN THE LAST TRACKER ARMOR ?

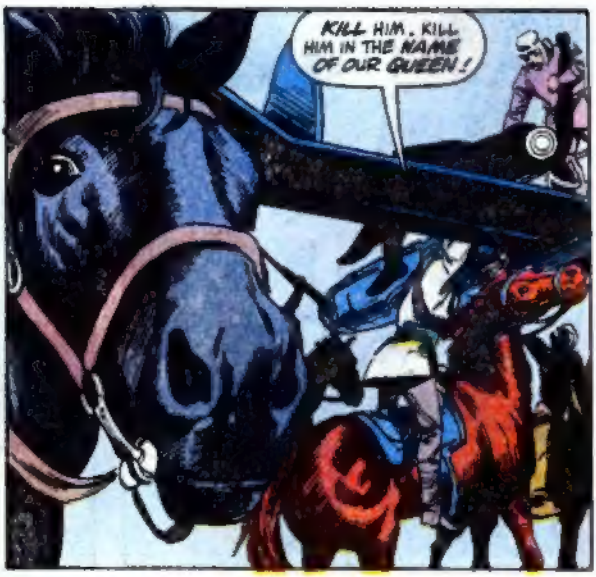
TAKE THE INFIDEL FROM MY SIGHT!
BUT PLASMA, OUR QUEEN, HE MUST DIE BY YOUR HAND--
--OUR LAW HAS DECREED IT SO!
I'VE GOT NOTHING LEFT IN ME AFTER MY BATTLE WITH THE TRACKERS! THERE'S NO WAY I CAN FIGHT RIGHT NOW.
I'VE ONLY GOT ONE CHOICE--
STOP-- YOU CANNOT ESCAPE!
I CAN TRY!
STOP HIM, FOOLS!
I HOPE I CAN REMEMBER THE LAYOUT OF THIS PLACE!
YES! THIS AIR SHAFT SHOULD TAKE ME SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE--
--AND SLOW DOWN ANY PURSUIT LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO MUSTER UP SOME ENERGY.
SHOULD HAVE JUST ENOUGH LEFT IN ME TO BLAST THROUGH--
DID IT!
WAIT-- LEILA!
I CAME ALL THIS WAY TO RESCUE HER--
--I CAN'T LEAVE WITHOUT HER!

CAN'T LET GO!
RRRP
GOT TO GET BACK TO LEILA.
LEILA...
THE NEXT DAY, IN THE DESERT REGION OUTSIDE OF CAIRO...
IT IS SAID THAT THE DESERT IS A CRUEL AND DANGEROUS PLACE.
A PLACE OF CONSTANT STRUGGLE WHERE, ULTIMATELY, THE BATTLE FOR LIFE IS LOST BY ALL WHO DARE CHALLENGE IT.
TODAY THIS HARSH WASTELAND HAS MET ITS MATCH--
--HIS NAME IS WOLVERINE.
SNIFF SNIFF
I KNOW YOU'RE HERE SOMEWHERE, ALEX, M' BOY!
PICKED UP YOUR SCENT BACK IN CAIRO--
--AND IN THAT CITY IT WASN'T EASY!
GOTCHA!
SNIKT

AH, KID, WHAT HAVE YOU GONE AND GOTTEN YOURSELF INTO?
AT LEAST YOU HAD SENSE ENOUGH TO LEAVE US A MESSAGE BEFORE YOU LEFT AUSTRALIA.
YOU SOUNDED BENT OUT OF SHAPE.
I HOPE THIS AIN'T OVER SOME SKIRT AGAIN!
COME ON, KIDDO, I SAW THE MESS YOU LEFT AT THE AIRPORT--
--TALK TO ME! I'VE GOT TO KNOW WHAT WE'RE UP AGAINST HERE!
HUH? SOUNDS LIKE WE'VE GOT--
--COMPANY!
FZZAT
TKOOM
LOOKS LIKE YOU SAVED SOME ACTION FOR YOUR OL' PAL, LOGAN AFTER ALL!

SNIKT
THAT'S GOOD.
REAL GOOD.
WE HAVE FOUND THE INFIDEL!
HE SHALL BE BROUGHT TO PLASMA, OUR QUEEN!
YOU FOUND ME, SAND RATS, NOW LET'S DO--
--IT?!
QUICKLY!
HE MUST BE RETURNED IMMEDIATELY!
OUR QUEEN MUST NOT BE DISPLEASED!
STOP!
YOU'D BETTER PUT THE KID DOWN--

--NOW!
ANOTHER INFIDEL?


KILL HIM. KILL HIM IN THE NAME OF OUR QUEEN!

BETTER MEN THAN YOU HAVE TRIED, BUB!

THE CEMETERIES ARE FULL OF 'EM.
AND I AIN'T IMPRESSED WITH YOUR LITTLE TOYS EITHER.

THE CLAWS ARE MADE OF A COMPOUND CALLED ADAMANTIUM--
SCHRAK
--THEY DON'T STOP EASY!

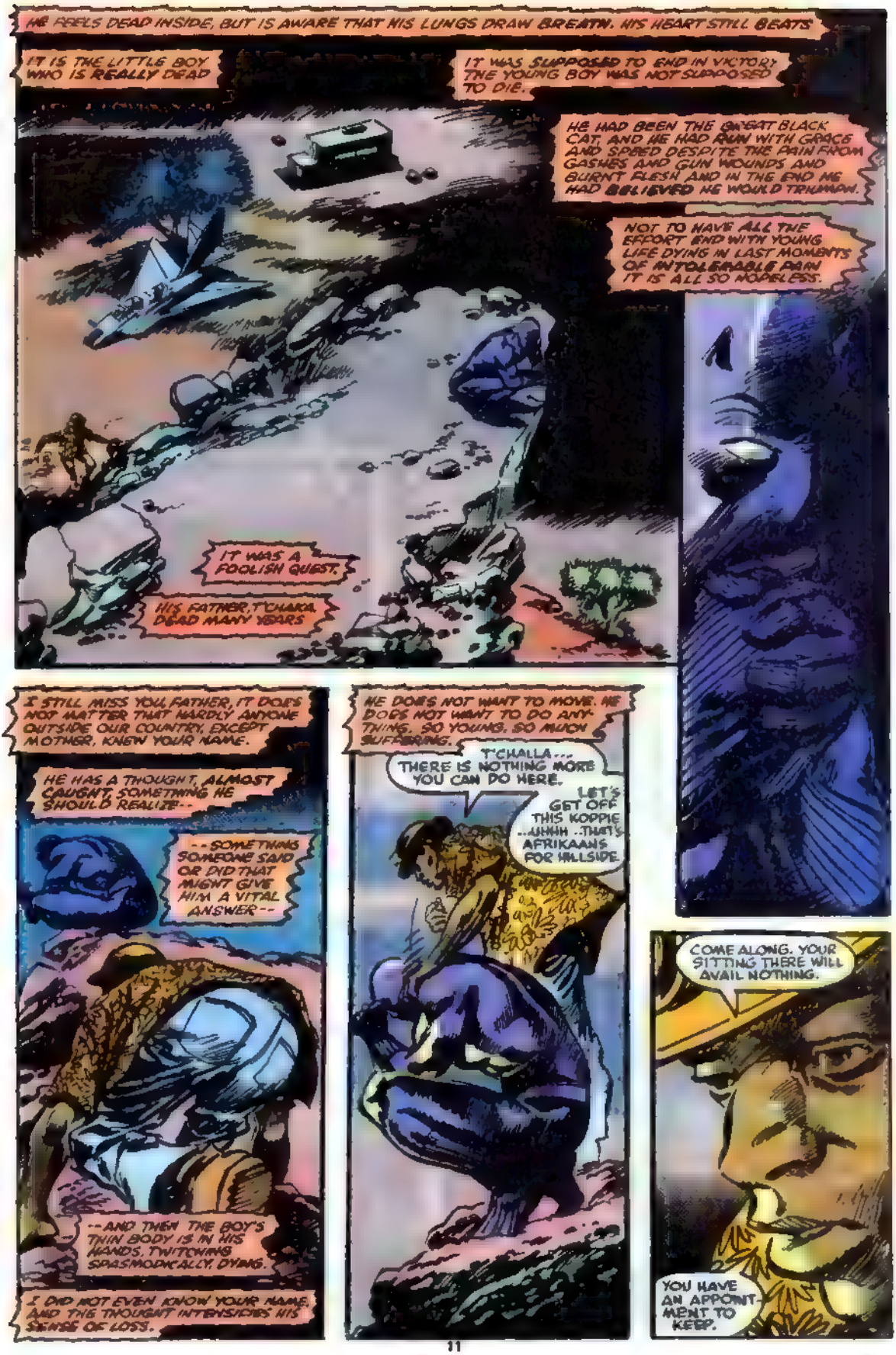
AND NEITHER DO I!

THIS AIN'T THE SHIP THEY PUT ALEX ON, BUT I'M MAKING PROGRESS!
YOU FELLOWS ARE GOING TO FLY ME OVER TO MY FRIEND--
--NOW!
THE ONLY THING WE WILL DO FOR YOU, INFIDEL, IS LEAVE YOUR BONES IN THE DESERT TO BE BLEACHED BY THE SUN!
EVERYBODY'S GOT TO MAKE IT TOUGH.
THAT'S OKAY--I LIKE IT THAT WAY.
SWOOSH
AND I LIKE MY BONES JUST THE WAY THEY ARE!
TRACKER, STOP HIM! HE MUST NOT PREVENT US FROM SERVING OUR NEW QUEEN!
I AM A TRACKER-- THE FIST OF PLASMA!
DO NOT GIVE ME INSTRUCTIONS, FOOL!
GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU--
--YOU'VE GOT A GRIP THAT WOULD GIVE COLOSSUS A RUN FOR HIS MONEY.
BUT ONCE I GET MY LEVERAGE BACK, YER HISTORY--!
ARGH!
FZZAT

NOOOO! MY QUEEN!
STOP HIM, AHMED!
WE MUST KILL HIM!
FRLT
BRAKOOM
WELCOME BACK TO THE LAND OF THE LIVING, KID!
WHAT'S NEXT?
THEIR NEW QUEEN, THIS PLASMA, WANTS ME SO BADLY--
--WELL, SHE'S GOING TO GET MORE OF ME THAN SHE CAN HANDLE.
I'M GOING BACK.
I'M GETTING LEILA O'TOOLE OUT OF THERE.
Continues Next Issue...

"Love? Love's a skinny kid that can catch cold and die from just standing outside a locked door, begging to come in. But hate, now that's a tiger in a hole, hot or cold, busts in, chomps out a piece, never grows back." —from Stirling Silliphant's ROUTE 66 telescript, "LOVE'S A SKINNY KID," 1962.
PANTHER'S QUEST
PART XVII
STARRING THE BLACK PANTHER
DARK MANEUVERS
T'CHALLA STARES AT THE DISTANT SKY, SEEING NOT STARS, BUT TIME
ENDLESS TIME AND TIME-TOO-BRIEF.
HE SITS STILL, ETCHED WITH GRANITE CARVED EMOTIONS.
NOT THE GREAT CAT--
--BUT A MAN CAUGHT IN DESPAIR SO DEEP THAT ALL THE DESIRE AND PASSION AND BELIEF--
--HAVE GONE OUT OF HIM.

HE HAS SPENT SO MUCH ENERGY IN THE PAST DAYS TRYING TO LOCATE HIS MOTHER. THE FACT THAT HE MIGHT ACTUALLY FIND HER, COME TO KNOW HER, NEARLY BECAME ALL HIS WORLD. IT ALL SEEMS TRIVIAL NOW.
HE HAS BEEN VIOLENTLY DISTRACTED FROM FINDING HER TIME AND AGAIN--
--BY PAID KILLERS--
--MYRIAD SECURITY FORCES--
--SOLEMN POLITICIANS PRONOUNCING THEIR OWN ERRONEOUS INTERPRETATIONS OF HIS REASONS FOR BEING IN THIS SUNLIT LAND PERPETUALLY IN THE SHADOW OF CONFLICT--
--BY GROUPS OF PEOPLE TRYING TO KILL OTHER GROUPS OF PEOPLE.


HE FEELS DEAD INSIDE, BUT IS AWARE THAT HIS LUNGS DRAW BREATH. HIS HEART STILL BEATS.
IT IS THE LITTLE BOY WHO IS REALLY DEAD.
IT WAS SUPPOSED TO END IN VICTORY. THE YOUNG BOY WAS NOT SUPPOSED TO DIE.
HE HAD BEEN THE GREAT BLACK CAT, AND HE HAD RUN WITH GRACE AND SPEED DESPITE THE PAIN FROM GASHES AND GUN WOUNDS AND BURNT FLESH AND IN THE END HE HAD BELIEVED HE WOULD TRIUMPH.
NOT TO HAVE ALL THE EFFORT END WITH YOUNG LIFE DYING IN LAST MOMENTS OF INTOLERABLE PAIN. IT IS ALL SO HOPELESS.
IT WAS A FOOLISH QUEST.
HIS FATHER, T'CHAKA, DEAD MANY YEARS
I STILL MISS YOU, FATHER, IT DOES NOT MATTER THAT HARDLY ANYONE OUTSIDE OUR COUNTRY, EXCEPT MOTHER, KNEW YOUR NAME.
HE HAS A THOUGHT, ALMOST CAUGHT, SOMETHING HE SHOULD REALIZE--
--SOMETHING SOMEONE SAID OR DID THAT MIGHT GIVE HIM A VITAL ANSWER--
--AND THEN THE BOY'S THIN BODY IS IN HIS HANDS, TWITCHING SPASMODICALLY, DYING.
I DID NOT EVEN KNOW YOUR NAME. AND THE THOUGHT INTENSIFIES HIS SENSE OF LOSS.
HE DOES NOT WANT TO MOVE. HE DOES NOT WANT TO DO ANYTHING. SO YOUNG. SO MUCH SUFFERING.
T'CHALLA... THERE IS NOTHING MORE YOU CAN DO HERE.
LET'S GET OFF THIS KOPPIE ...UHHH ..THAT'S AFRIKAANS FOR HILLSIDE.
COME ALONG. YOUR SITTING THERE WILL AVAIL NOTHING.
YOU HAVE AN APPOINTMENT TO KEEP.

NOT TONIGHT I CANNOT
YES, YOU CAN!
YOU CAME HERE TO FIND YOUR MOTHER IS THAT NOT WHAT YOU TOLD ME?

WHAT WILL STAYING HERE ACCOMPLISH? BRING THAT LITTLE BOY BACK TO LIFE?
WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW WHAT EFFECT YOUR SENTIMENTALITY WILL HAVE?

IT WILL ALLOW THE SECURITY FORCES TO FIND YOU HERE. IT WILL CAUSE MORE PROBLEMS FOR THE BOY'S PARENTS. IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT?
OF COURSE NOT

I JUST DON'T HAVE A... CLEAR VISION ANYMORE .. OF WHAT TO DO... WHAT IS RIGHT TO DO--
-- IF ANY OF IT WILL MATTER

COME ON-- GET UP NOW! YOU TOLD SLADE'S WIFE YOU WOULD COME BACK TO THE STORE TONIGHT. YOU ARE ALREADY RUNNING LATE
THAT IS ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW FOR THE MOMENT
DO NOT BE STUBBORN
BUT I

YES, YOU WOULD RATHER TEAR YOUR HAIR, AND BERATE YOURSELF FOR THINGS OVER WHICH YOU HAD NO CONTROL. I KNOW
BUT TAKE MY WORD ON THIS, YOU WILL BE BETTER OFF IF YOU DO GO--

--AND IF THAT DOESN T CONVINCE YOU, THEN CONSIDER THIS... SO MIGHT YOUR MOTHER
I HOPE YOU ARE RIGHT

WHAT ELSE COULD GO WRONG TONIGHT?
DON T ASK ME QUESTIONS LIKE THAT YOU HAVE JUST CONVINCED ME TO GO
DO NOT GIVE ME REASONS TO HAVE SECOND THOUGHTS ABOUT THE WISDOM OF SUCH A DECISION.

FORGET I ASKED.

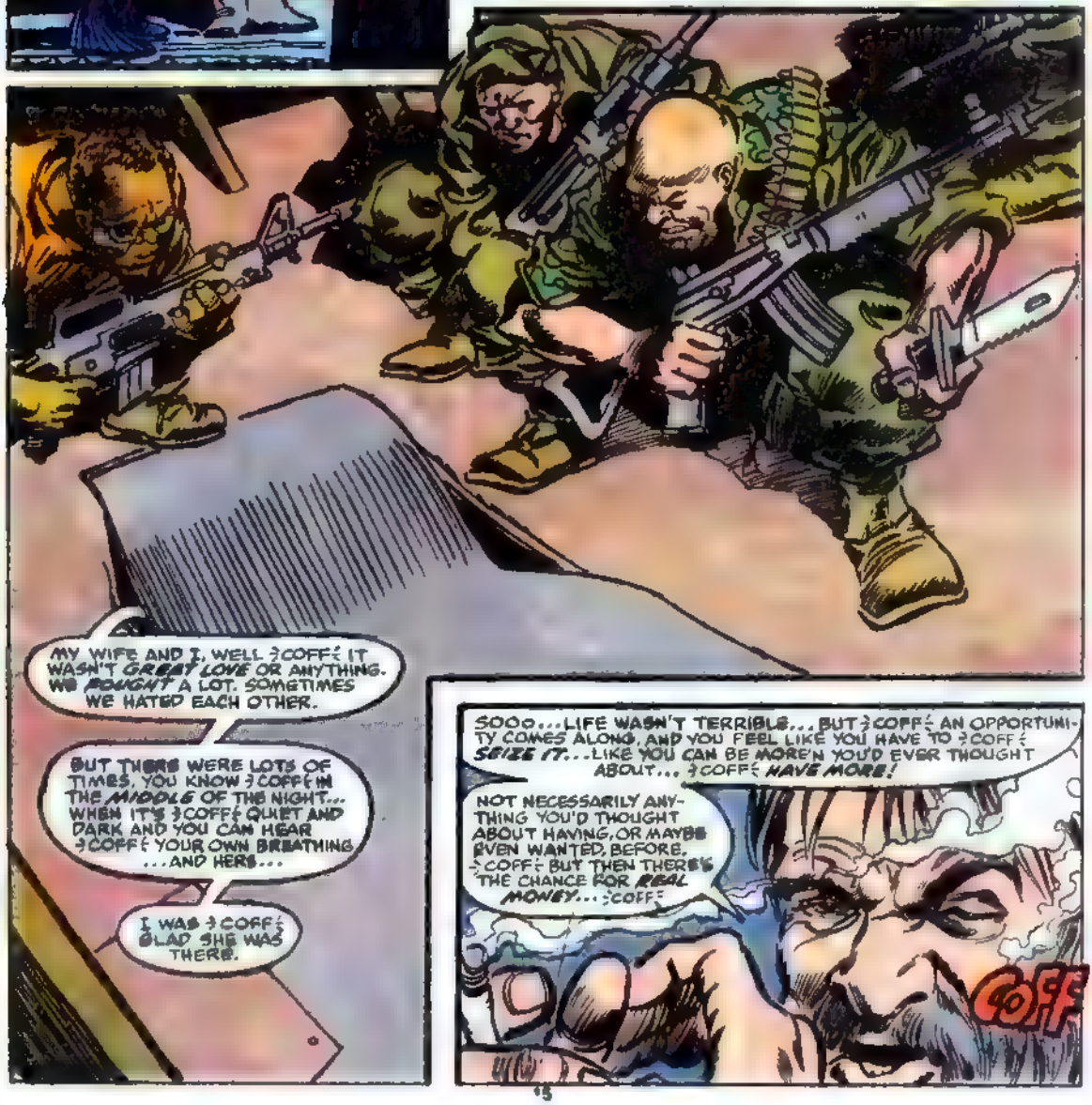
A MINISTER OF SECURITY LIKE HIMSELF, DOCKE RIEBEECK THINKS RESENTFULLY, SHOULD NOT HAVE TO REPORT UPDATING BRIEFS TO PARLIAMENT'S REPRESENTATIVE, THEIR MAGISTRATE OF (REDUNDANT) COMMUNICATIONS, DEAR ANTON PRETORIUS.
WHY DON'T YOU STAY COMFORTABLE IN CAPETOWN, ANTON? ENJOY ITS PLEASURES. WHO NEEDS YOU CHECKING TO SEE IF WE ARE DOING OUR JOB PROPERLY?
I DO NOT NEED YOU PROBING INTO MY TACTICAL OPERATIONS, OR MY PERSONAL LIFE, WHICH I AM SURE YOU'D DO, GIVEN THE CHANCE, ANTON, BECAUSE YOU ARE A DESK BUREAUCRAT AND WE DO NOT AGREE ON SECURITY POLICIES.
ANY SIGHTINGS OF THE BLACK PANTHER TONIGHT MINISTER RIEBEECK?
YOU'D PROBABLY PLEAD FOR CLEMENCY. NOT SGT. VAN DER MERWE, THOUGH. HE REALLY WANTS TO CATCH THIS PANTHER ROGUE.
OH, THE PANTHER'S ABOUT TO-NIGHT, MAGISTRATE PRETORIUS.
HE HAS LEFT ENOUGH KAFFIRS STREWN ABOUT FOR A WAR-ZONE.
NEAR AS WE CAN FIGURE, HE WAS HERE NO LESS THAN THREE HOURS AGO. HE'S DEFINITELY ON THE PROWL.
IT'S ANY-BODY'S GUESS WHERE HE'LL POP UP NEXT.
KEEP ME POSTED ON DEVELOPMENTS. I'LL BE AT MY HOME ON DEVIL'S PEAK, BUT CENTRAL CONTROL CAN PATCH YOU THROUGH TO ME.
IN YOUR OPINION, DO YOU THINK WE HAVE A FULL-SCALE UPRISING ON OUR HANDS!
LORD, I HOPE NOT.
I HOPE IT'S JUST ONE CRAZY KAFFIR DRESSED IN HIS JAMMIES, BUT IT'S HARD TO TELL AT THIS POINT.
VAN DER MERWE AND I ARE GOING TO START PATROLS THROUGH THE TOWN-SHIP NOW. SEE IF WE CAN'T FLUSH HIM OUT.

THE GREAT CAT STAYS CLOSE TO ALLEYWALL WALLS AND SHADOWS--
--GLIDING THROUGH THEM--
--UNTIL HE CAN CHECK THE BACK ENTRANCE TO SLADE'S AFRICAN ARTIFACTS.
SLADES
THE STORE SMELLS MUSTY--
--ODORS HE RECALLS FROM HIS PREVIOUS VISIT.
THERE IS ANOTHER RECOGNIZABLE ESSENCE, THE SCENT OF--
--PATRICK SLADE.
SLADE REEKS LESS OF FEAR NOW, MORE OF PERSEVERANCE AND DECAY.
THE SMELL OF DRIED BLOOD--
--AND OF THE NAUSEATING, FESTERING, GANGRENOUS WOUND BENEATH ALMOST MAKES T'CHALLA RETCH.
BEGINNIN TO THINK YOU'D GIVEN UP ON GOOD OLD PATRICK.
YOU HAVE NOT TAKEN VERY GOOD CARE OF YOURSELF, PATRICK SLADE.
NOTICED THAT, HUH? DIDN'T DARE GO FOR ANY DOCTORING. I GET SEEN BY ANYBODY WANTS MY BUTT, WORRYIN' ABOUT THIS WOUND WILL BE HISTORY.
LONG TIME...
...NO SEE.
I'VE GOT TO COUNT ON YOU TO GET ME AND SARAH OUT OF THIS.
YOU ARE THE ONE WHO STARTED ALL THIS PAIN AND TRIBULATION, WITH A SCHEME TO MAKE MONEY OFF OF LOVE. WHY SHOULD I HELP YOU?
DRY STALE SMOKE BURNS HIS NOSTRILS. COVERS SOME OF THE STENCH OF ROTTING FLESH. HE HAS TO QUELL A GAGGING REFLEX.
BECAUSE :COF: YOU'RE A DECENT MAN.
EVEN IF I DIDN'T KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT YOUR MOTHER :KOFF: I THINK YOU'D STILL HELP ME :KOFF:

...BECAUSE YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME FOR THE BUTCHERS. }COFF{ I KNOW YOU DON'T LIKE ME MUCH. CAN'T SAY I BLAME YOU. IF I WERE YOU I'D BE #%/&@!!! AT ME. }COFF{ NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.
COFF

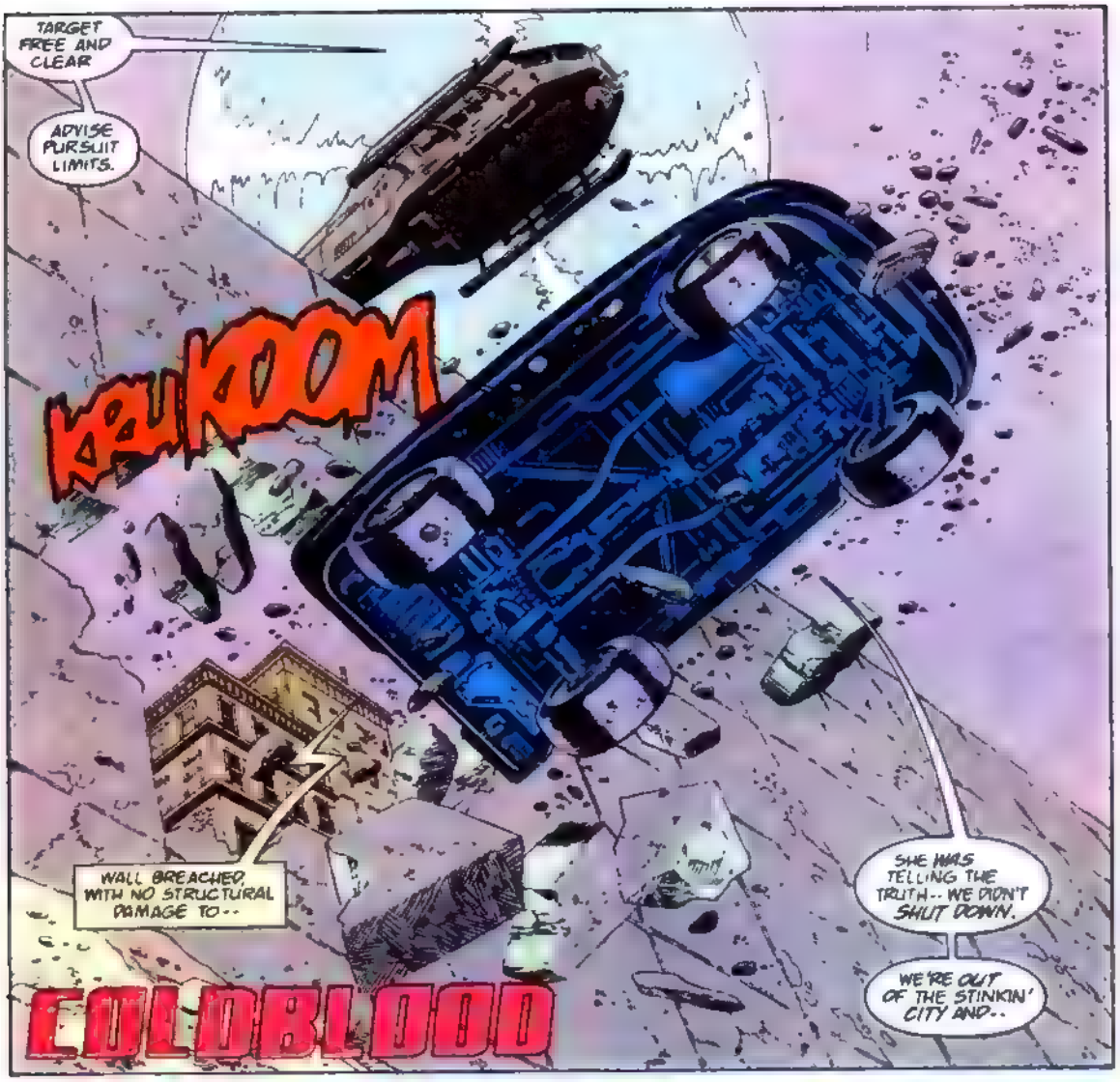
THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG HERE, BUT HE IS NOT SURE WHAT. THERE ARE ONLY THE TWO OF THEM IN THIS ROOM. HE IS CERTAIN OF THAT.
YOU PLAY A DANGEROUS GAME, SLADE... FOR BOTH OF US! WHY DID YOU DO WHAT YOU DID?

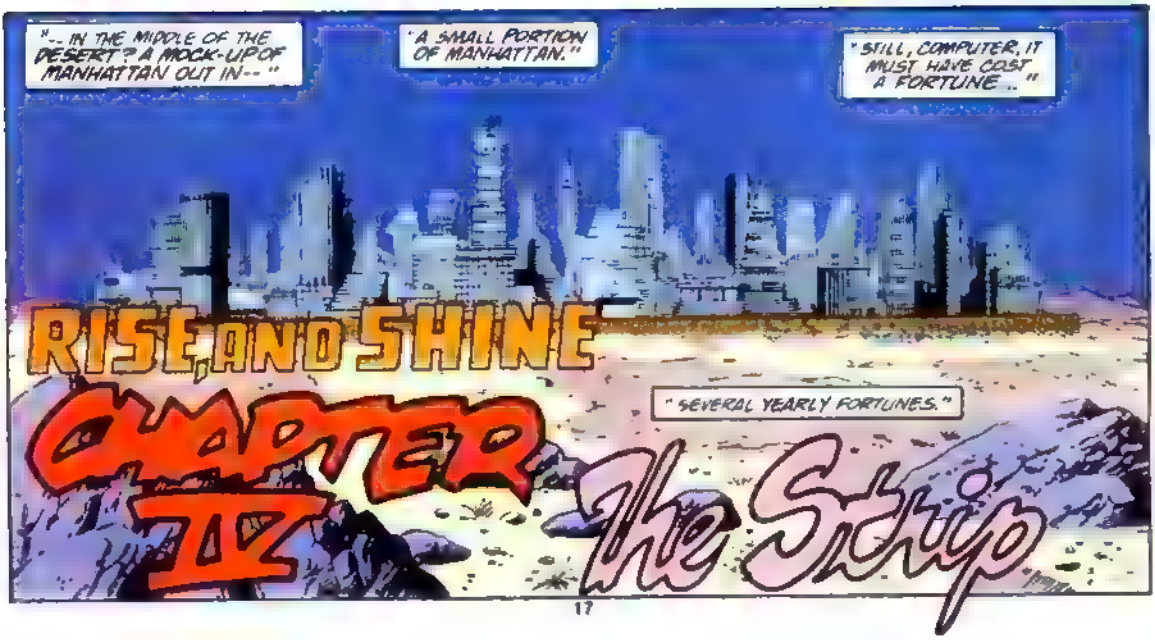
YET THE GREAT CAT FEELS CLAUSTROPHOBIC, AS IF SURROUNDED BY ENEMIES IT CANNOT DETECT.
I SAW A CHANCE, SIMPLE AS THAT. I WAS RUNNING THIS STORE. IT WASN'T BAD. I WAS MORE OR LESS CONTENT... }COFF{

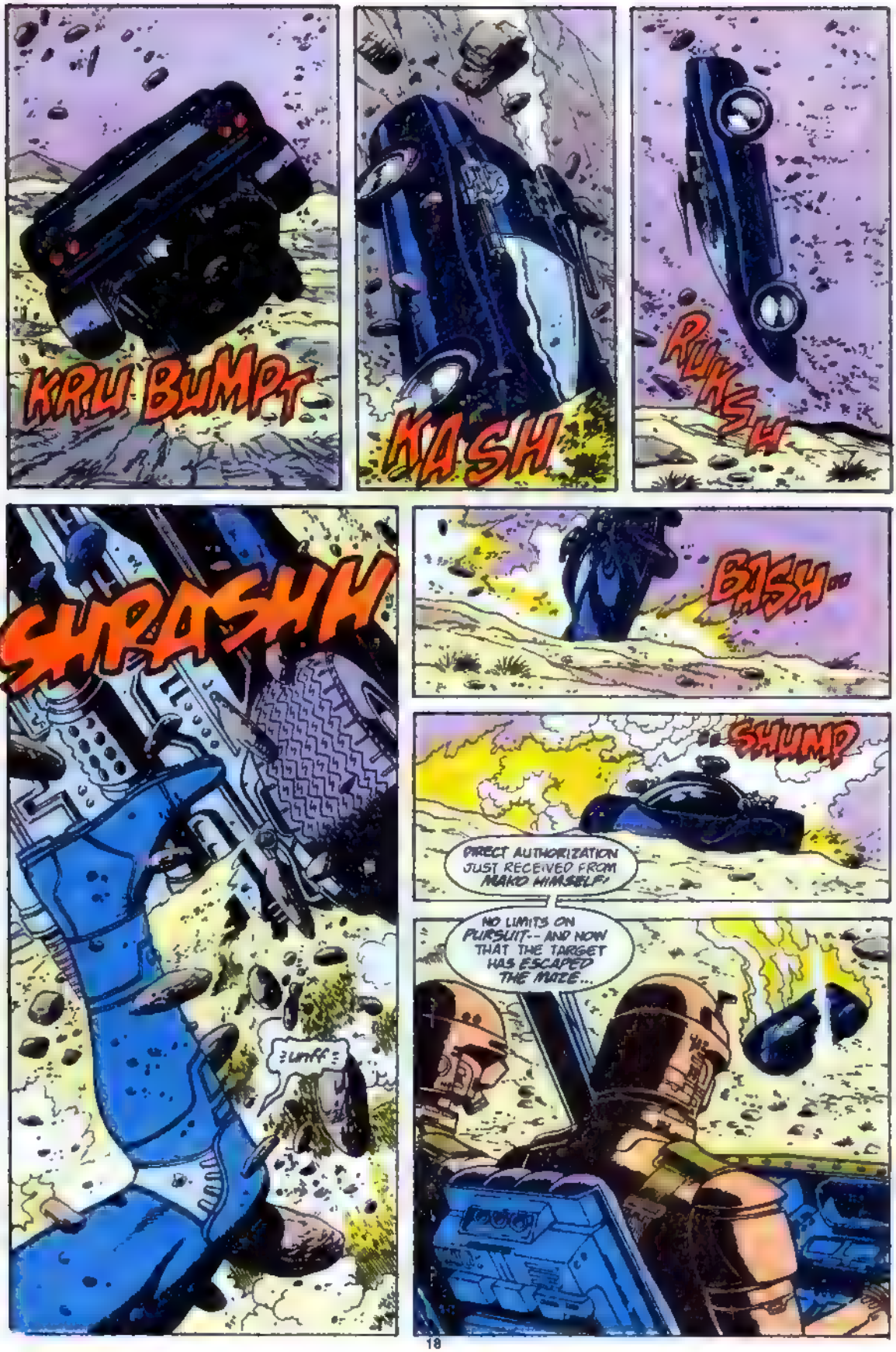

MY WIFE AND I, WELL }COFF{ IT WASN'T GREAT LOVE OR ANYTHING. WE FOUGHT A LOT. SOMETIMES WE HATED EACH OTHER.
BUT THERE WERE LOTS OF TIMES, YOU KNOW }COFF{ IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT... WHEN IT'S }COFF{ QUIET AND DARK AND YOU CAN HEAR }COFF{ YOUR OWN BREATHING ...AND HERS...
I WAS }COFF{ GLAD SHE WAS THERE.
SOOO...LIFE WASN'T TERRIBLE... BUT }COFF{ AN OPPORTUNITY COMES ALONG, AND YOU FEEL LIKE YOU HAVE TO }COFF{ SEIZE IT...LIKE YOU CAN BE MORE'N YOU'D EVER THOUGHT ABOUT... }COFF{ HAVE MORE!
NOT NECESSARILY ANYTHING YOU'D THOUGHT ABOUT HAVING, OR MAYBE EVEN WANTED, BEFORE. }COFF{ BUT THEN THERE'S THE CHANCE FOR REAL MONEY... }COFF{
COFF

?COFF-? AND YOU DO THINGS YOU'D NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D DO -COFF-: TO MAKE IT COME TRUE
SO YOUR LIFE WAS CHANGED.
YES BECAUSE I FOUND OUT ABOUT YOUR MOTHER. AND WHEN I REALIZED WHAT IT MEANT HOW MUCH VALUE THIS COULD HAVE ?COFF-: I STARTED TO THINK.
SHOULD HAVE KNOWN I WAS IN OVER MY HEAD, RIGHT THEN. BUT A THOUGHT-COFF, GROWS SOMETIMES...UNTIL IT'S ALL YOU THINK OF.
AND THE PLAN GREW YOU KNOW HOW TO CONTACT YOU HOW TO MEET WITHOUT ANYONE KNOWING
BUT BY THEN I WAS TRYING TO HAVE IT BOTH WAYS. THAT'S WHERE I REALLY WENT WRONG. I COULDN'T LEAVE WELL ENOUGH ALONE
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
KR-RUSSH
HE MEANS HE CONTACTED MY BOSS, PUSSYCAT. HE MEANS HE OFFERED TO KEEP HIS MOUTH SHUT IF HE WAS PAID
KIND OF AN AUCTION. THE HIGHEST BIDDER GETS WORDS OR SILENCE.
BUT I DON'T BID!
THING WITH ME-- I ALWAYS TOOK WHAT I WANTED THAT CHANGES THE RULES, DOESN'T IT PUSSYCAT!
ONE THRUST, RIGHT UP HERE UNDER THE RIB-CAGE. THE BLADE GOES RIGHT THROUGH THE HEART!
HE'LL BE CHOKING ON HIS BLOOD, MAYBE TRYING TO SAY YOUR MOMMA'S NAME
--BUT HE WON'T BE ABLE TO DO IT

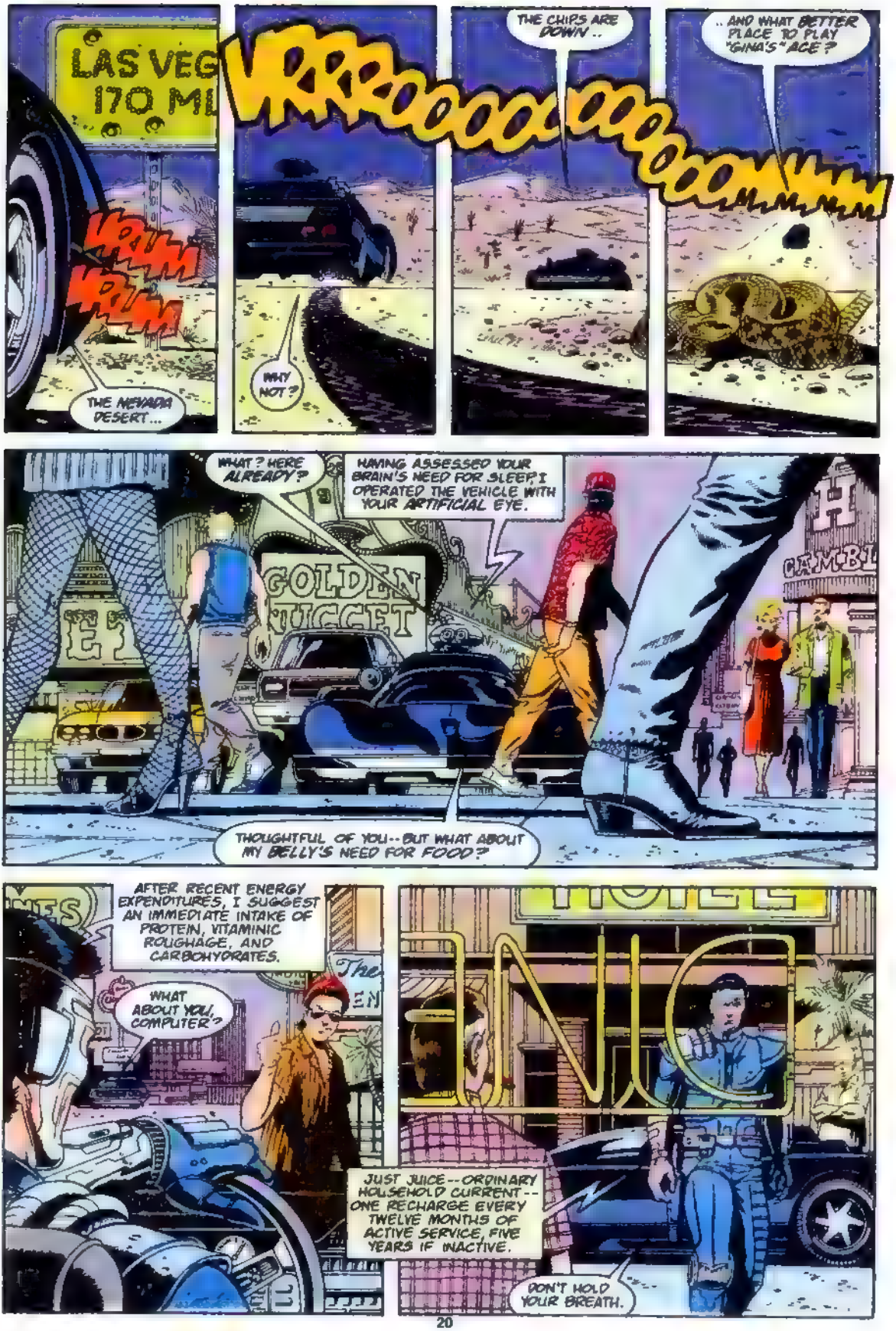
CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE...


TARGET FREE AND CLEAR
ADVISE PURSUIT LIMITS.
KRUKOOM
WALL BREACHED WITH NO STRUCTURAL DAMAGE TO--
SHE WAS TELLING THE TRUTH-- WE DIDN'T SHUT DOWN.
WE'RE OUT OF THE STINKIN' CITY AND..
COLDBLOOD

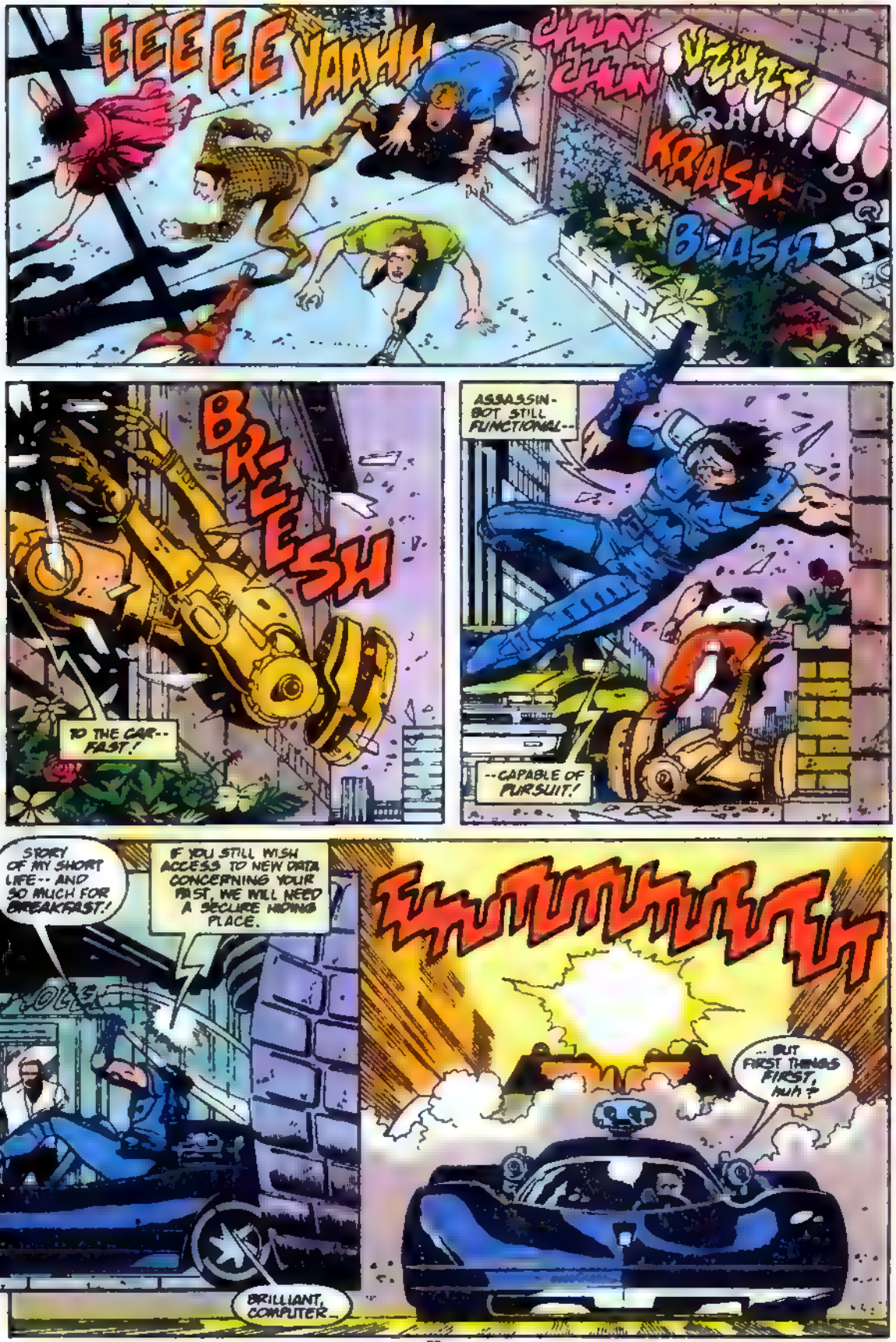

"-- IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DESERT? A MOCK-UP OF MANHATTAN OUT IN--"
"A SMALL PORTION OF MANHATTAN."
"STILL, COMPUTER, IT MUST HAVE COST A FORTUNE.."
"SEVERAL YEARLY FORTUNES."
RISE AND SHINE
CHAPTER IV
The Strip

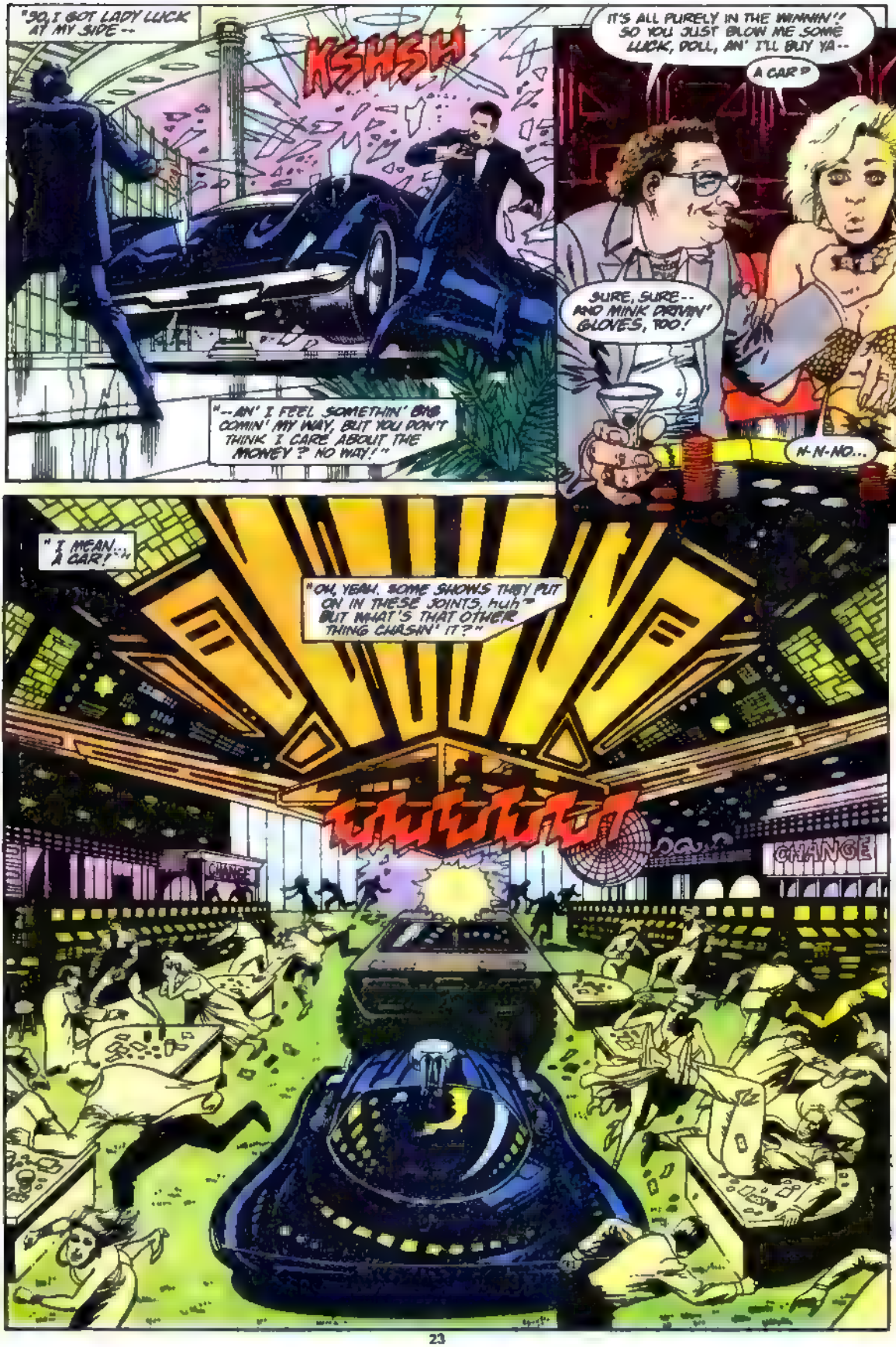

KRLU BUMPT
KA SH
RUK SH
SHRASHH
BASH...
SHUMP
DIRECT AUTHORIZATION JUST RECEIVED FROM MAKO HIMSELF!
NO LIMITS ON PURSUIT-- AND NOW THAT THE TARGET HAS ESCAPED THE MAZE...
UHFF

BRRRRT
...NO RESTRAINT NECESSARY.
THEY THINK WE'RE STILL IN THE CAR COMPUTER.
TOTAL DESTRUCTION--
--AT ANY COST!
CHUN CHUN CHUN
...AND SINCE CHOPPERS DON'T COME CHEAP...
...BRACE YOURSELF...
--FOR A TAX HIKE!


LAS VEG
170 MI
VRRROOOO

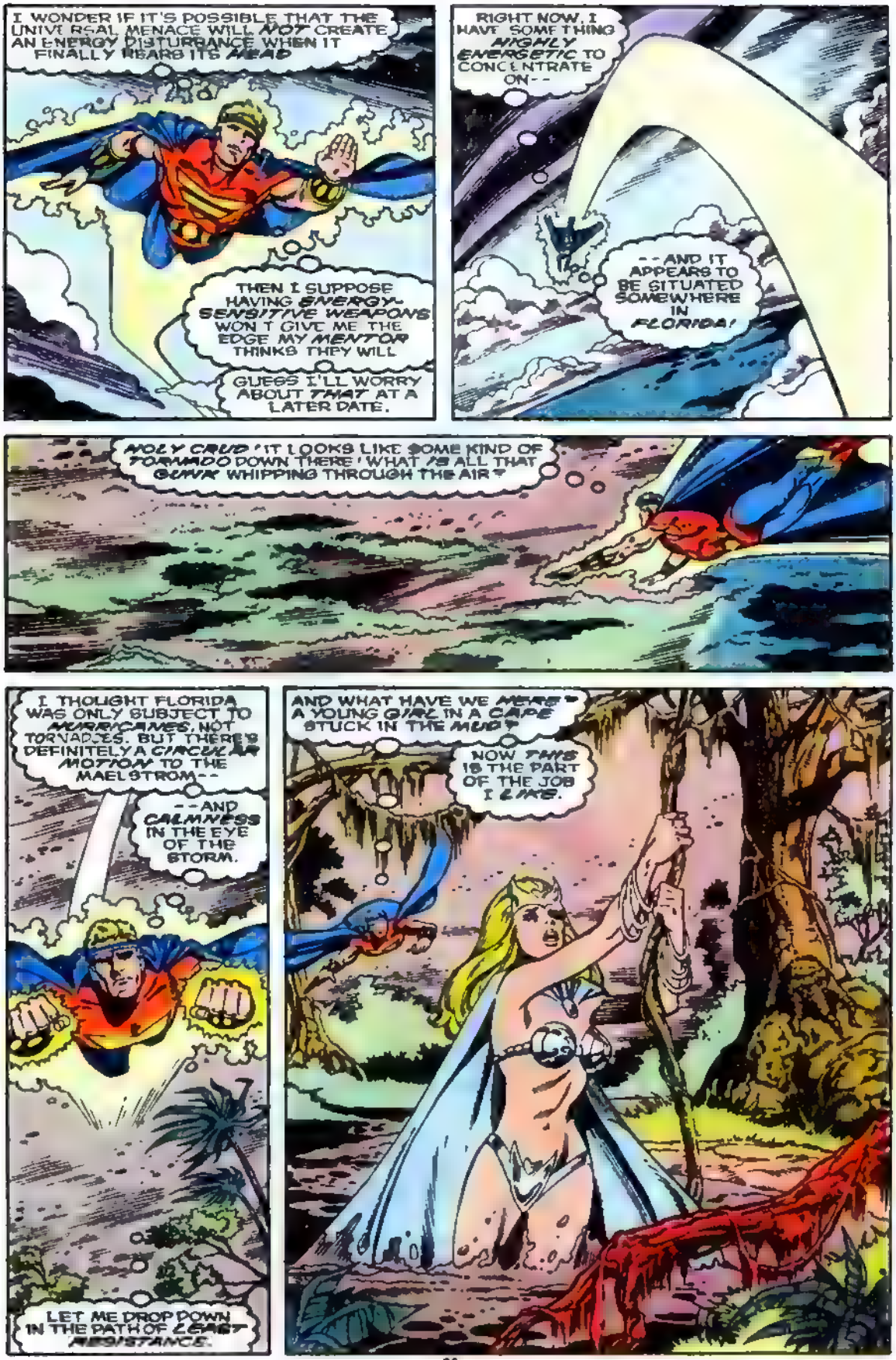
OH! YOU MUST BE ONE OF THE ENTERTAINERS?
IF YOU ENJOY MAYHEM.
NOW WHAT'S ON YOUR MENU?
NO LIMITS ON PURSUIT
NO RESTRAINT NECESSARY.
TOTAL DESTRUCTION--
--AT ANY COST.
OOOPH
WHAT THE--?!
VLUUUHH
EGGS AND STEAK, I GUESS.
BUT WHAT I REALLY WANT IS ROAST--
DUCK-- NOW!
Prairie Dog
HEY!
KSHH

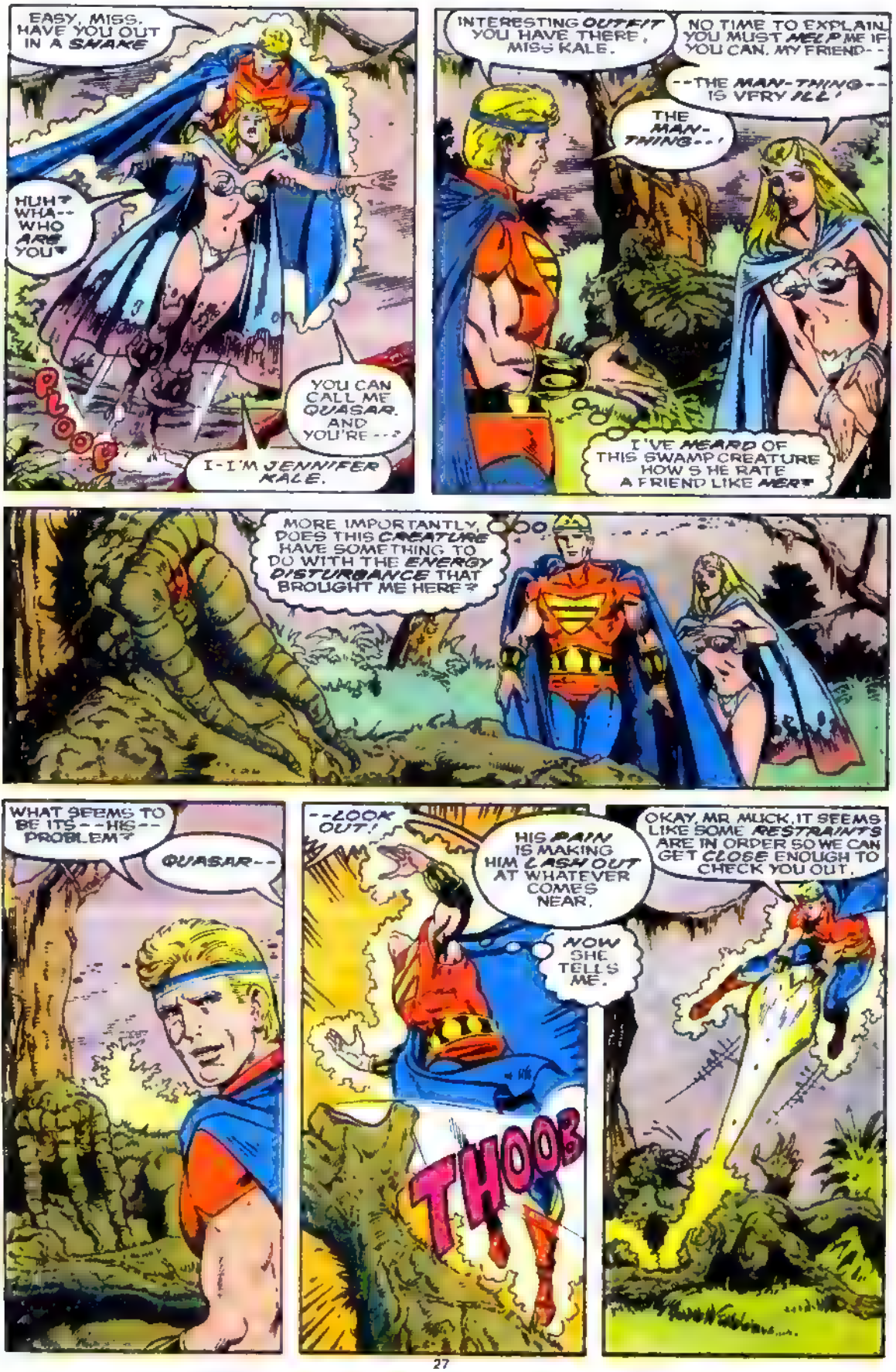

EEEEE YAAHH
CHIN CHIN
KRASH
BLASH
BREESH
TO THE CAR-- FAST!
ASSASSIN-BOT STILL FUNCTIONAL--
--CAPABLE OF PURSUIT!
STORY OF MY SHORT LIFE-- AND SO MUCH FOR BREAKFAST!
IF YOU STILL WISH ACCESS TO NEW DATA CONCERNING YOUR PAST, WE WILL NEED A SECURE HIDING PLACE.
FUUUUUUUUUUUT
... BUT FIRST THINGS FIRST, huh?
BRILLIANT, COMPUTER...


"SO, I GOT LADY LUCK AT MY SIDE--
KSHSH
"--AN' I FEEL SOMETHIN' BIG COMIN' MY WAY. BUT YOU DON'T THINK I CARE ABOUT THE MONEY? NO WAY!"
IT'S ALL PURELY IN THE WRANNIN'! SO YOU JUST BLOW ME SOME LUCK, DOLL, AN' I'LL BUY YA--
A CAR?
SURE, SURE-- AND MINK DRIVIN' GLOVES, TOO!
N-N-NO...
"I MEAN... A CAR!"
"OH, YEAH. SOME SHOWS THEY PUT ON IN THESE JOINTS, huh? BUT WHAT'S THAT OTHER THING CHASIN' IT?"
CHANGE
CHANGE

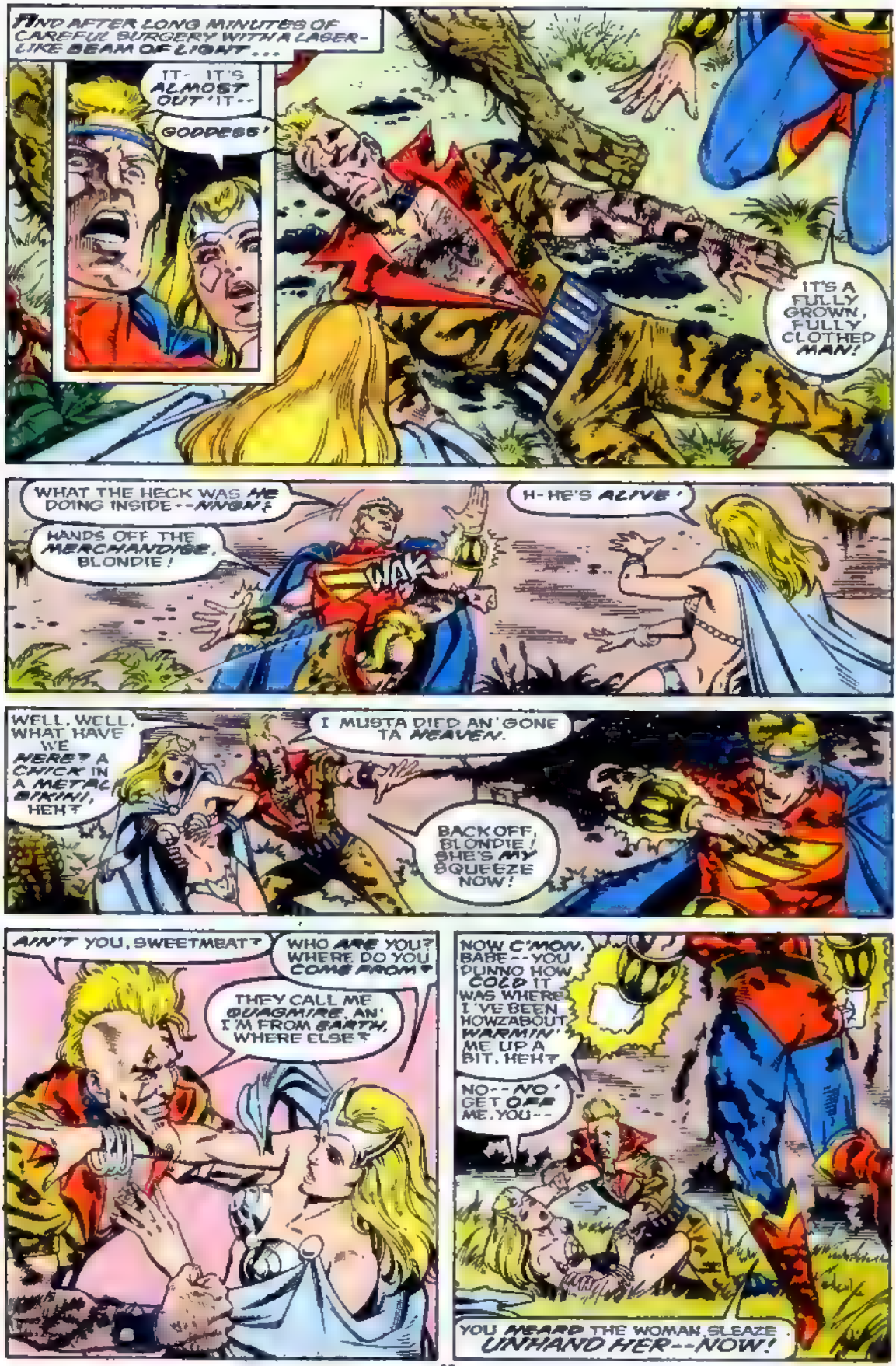
STRAIGHT FOR THE POOL-- THEN A HARD LEFT AT THE LAST SECOND!
COMPUTER..
.. I'M WAY AHEAD OF YOU!
NOW LET'S FIND THAT "SECURE PLACE"!. IF IT EXISTS--
.. AND LEARN WHO I AM!
CAESAR'S PALACE
PLASH
THERE HE IS!
THE COLDBLOOD CYBORG IS FREE-- ALL HIS FUNCTION-INHIBITORS ERASED-- MY CONTROL OVER HIM BROKEN...
... AND IT HAD TO BE YOU.
M-MAKO.
THE ONE AND ONLY. BUT WHO ARE YOU, GINA?
IF NOT MY LOVING FRIEND AND TRUSTED COLLEAGUE WHAT ARE YOU, REALLY?
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT YOU ARE, GINA.
YOU'RE EVIL!
STILL.. NOW THAT I'VE FIGURED IT OUT, I'VE DECIDED THE SITUATION CAN BE SALVAGED, AND I'VE CANCELED THE TOTAL-DESTRUCT COMMAND.
CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE...

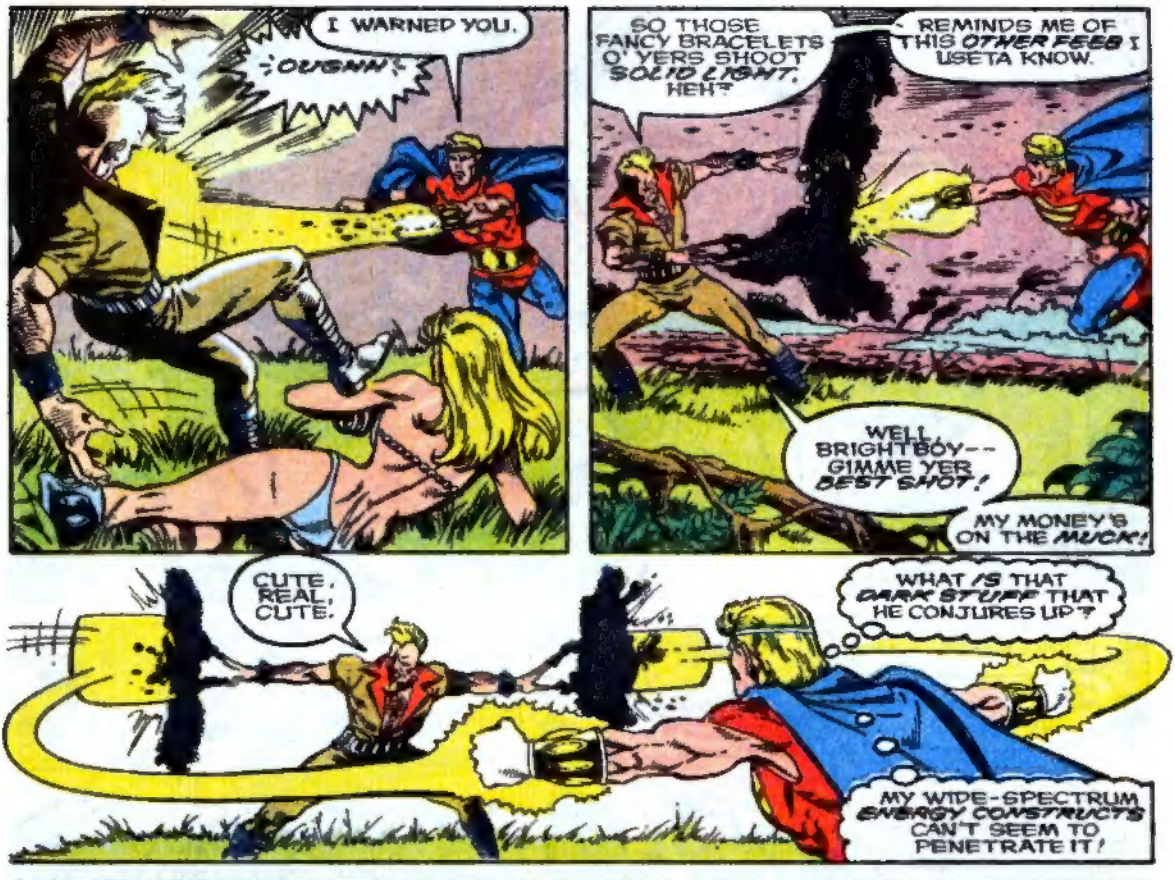
THIS MAN NOT YET OUT OF HIS TWENTIES IS THE UNIVERSE'S BEST HOPE. THIS MAN IS...
QUASAR
THIS COULD BE IT-- THE THREAT TO THE UNIVERSE THAT I WAS APPOINTED TO COMBAT.
ON THE OTHER HAND, IT COULD ALSO BE JUST ANOTHER-RUN-OF-THE-MILL UNEXPLAINED ENERGY PHENOMENON.
EITHER WAY, IT'S UP TO ME TO CHECK IT OUT AS FAST AS MY WRIST-BANDS CAN WHIP THOSE ANTI-GRAVITONS AROUND ME!
IT CAME FROM WITHIN

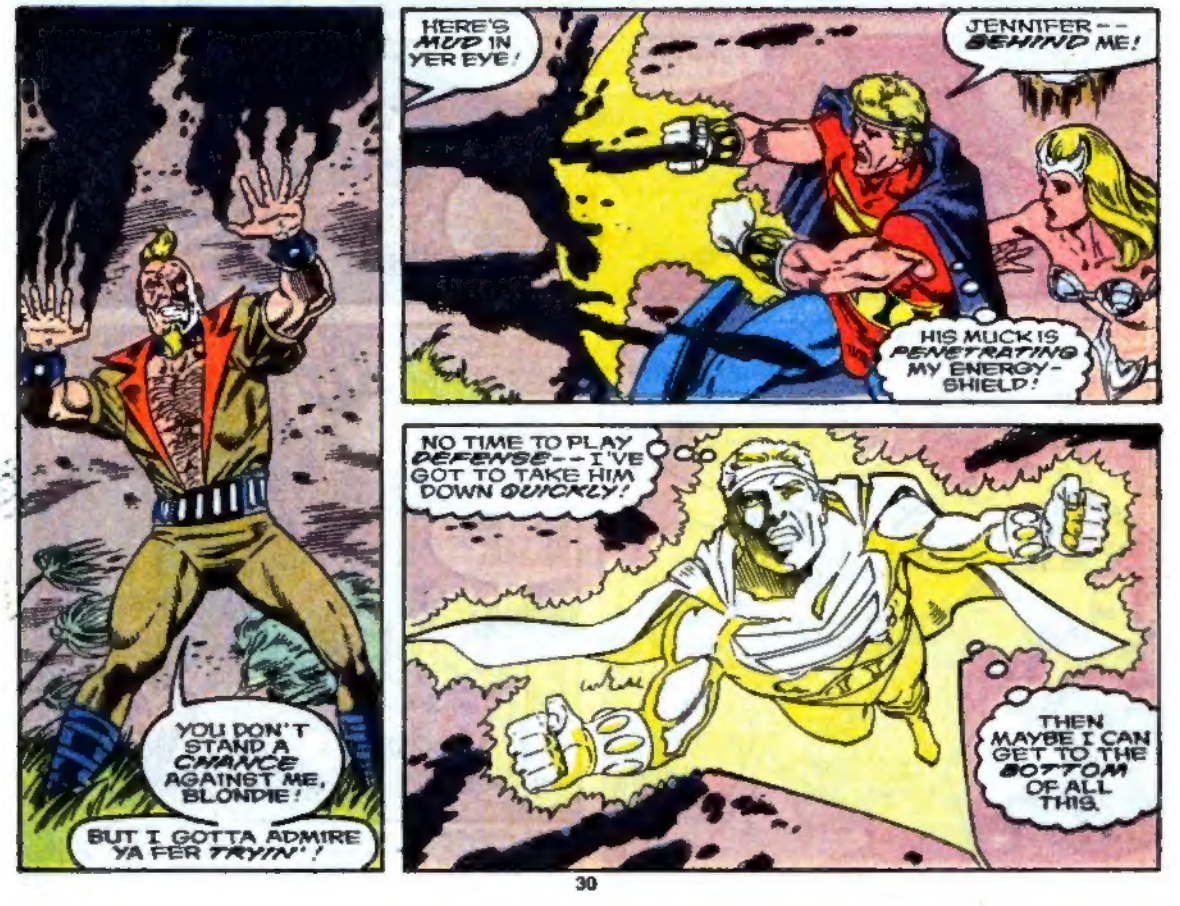

I WONDER IF IT'S POSSIBLE THAT THE UNIVERSAL MENACE WILL NOT CREATE AN ENERGY DISTURBANCE WHEN IT FINALLY REARS ITS HEAD
THEN I SUPPOSE HAVING ENERGY-SENSITIVE WEAPONS WON'T GIVE ME THE EDGE MY MENTOR THINKS THEY WILL
GUESS I'LL WORRY ABOUT THAT AT A LATER DATE.
RIGHT NOW, I HAVE SOMETHING HIGHLY ENERGETIC TO CONCENTRATE ON--
--AND IT APPEARS TO BE SITUATED SOMEWHERE IN FLORIDA!
HOLY CRUD! IT LOOKS LIKE SOME KIND OF TORNADO DOWN THERE! WHAT IS ALL THAT GUNK WHIPPING THROUGH THE AIR?
I THOUGHT FLORIDA WAS ONLY SUBJECT TO HURRICANES, NOT TORNADOES. BUT THERE'S DEFINITELY A CIRCULAR MOTION TO THE MAELSTROM--
--AND CALMNESS IN THE EYE OF THE STORM.
LET ME DROP DOWN IN THE PATH OF LEAST RESISTANCE.
AND WHAT HAVE WE HERE? A YOUNG GIRL IN A CAPE STUCK IN THE MUD?
NOW THIS IS THE PART OF THE JOB I LIKE.

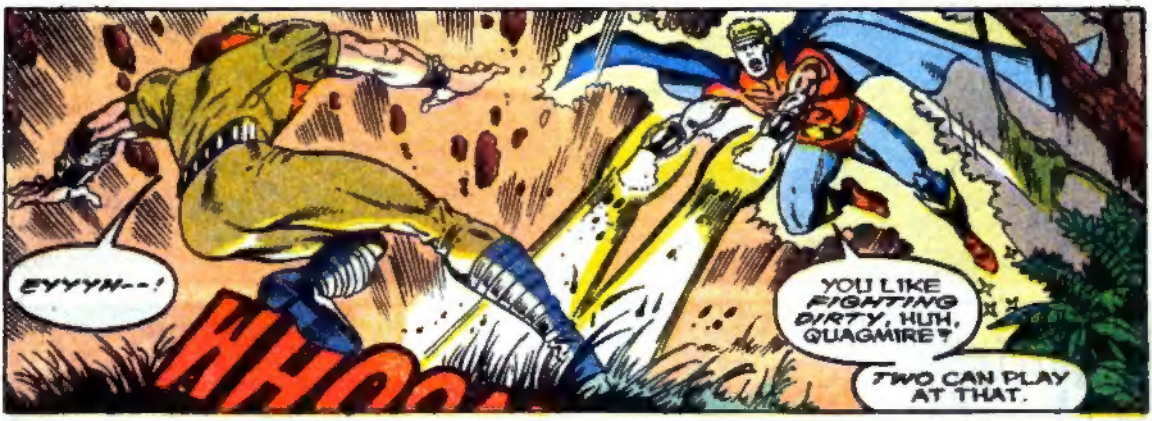

EASY, MISS. HAVE YOU OUT IN A SNAKE
HUH? WHA-- WHO ARE YOU?
PLOOP
I-I'M JENNIFER KALE.
YOU CAN CALL ME QUASAR. AND YOU'RE--?
INTERESTING OUTFIT YOU HAVE THERE, MISS KALE.
NO TIME TO EXPLAIN. YOU MUST HELP ME IF YOU CAN, MY FRIEND--
--THE MAN-THING-- IS VERY ILL!
THE MAN-THING--!
I'VE HEARD OF THIS SWAMP CREATURE. HOW'S HE RATE A FRIEND LIKE ME?
MORE IMPORTANTLY, DOES THIS CREATURE HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE ENERGY DISTURBANCE THAT BROUGHT ME HERE?
WHAT SEEMS TO BE ITS--HIS-- PROBLEM?
QUASAR--
--LOOK OUT!
HIS PAIN IS MAKING HIM LASH OUT AT WHATEVER COMES NEAR.
NOW SHE TELLS ME.
THOOB
OKAY, MR. MUCK, IT SEEMS LIKE SOME RESTRAINTS ARE IN ORDER SO WE CAN GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO CHECK YOU OUT.

THERE, THERE NOW BABY, LET ME HAVE A LOOK AT YOU
ANY IDEA WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?
GIVE ME A MOMENT AND I'LL SEE.
THE CREATURE AND I SHARE A CERTAIN . EMPATHIC RAPPORT
IF I CAN JUST .. YES! I'M PICKING UP IMAGES. IN HIS OWN WAY, HE'S TELLING ME WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM!
IT STARTED WITH A DARK SPECK FLOATING IN THE AIR .. A SPECK THAT TURNED INTO A BLACK GLOPPY MASS IN THE SPACE OF A DAY.
"THE MAN THING IS THE GUARDIAN OF THE INTER-DIMENSIONAL NEXUS LOCATED HERE IN THE SWAMP EVEN IF HE'S NOT QUITE AWARE OF IT.
"IT'S HIS JOB TO INVESTIGATE WEIRD THINGS THAT POP THROUGH THE NEXUS.
"BUT SOMEHOW.. THE BLACK MASS ATTACHED ITSELF TO HIS SEMI-SOLID MUD-LIKE BODY, AND SEEPED INSIDE IT!
"SO THAT'S WHAT HE DID.
"TRY AS HE MIGHT, THE MAN-THING COULDN'T DISLODGE THE ALIEN MATTER INSIDE HIM. IT CONTINUED TO GROW, MAKING HIM SWELL UP ALMOST AS IF HE WERE--"
PREGNANT?
EXACTLY! WHATEVER IS GROWING INSIDE HIM IS CAUSING HIM GREAT PSYCHIC DISCOMFORT.
THE MUDSTORM AROUND THE SWAMP?
IT'S NOT THE MAN-THING'S DOING. IT MUST BE THE CREATURE WITHIN!
IF THIS IS SOME STRANGE SORT OF PREGNANCY, THEN IT SEEMS THAT THE SOLUTION TO ALL THIS IS TO GET THAT THING OUT OF--UH, HIS BODY BEFORE IT REACHES FULL TERM.
IF YOU CAN PROVIDE ME WITH A FEW DETAILS OF THE MUCK-MONSTER'S ANATOMY, I CAN USE THE ENERGY OF MY QUANTUM-BANDS TO PERFORM A CAESARIAN SECTION, SO TO SPEAK.
ALL RIGHT


AND AFTER LONG MINUTES OF CAREFUL SURGERY WITH A LASER-LIKE BEAM OF LIGHT...
IT- IT'S ALMOST OUT 'IT--
GODDESS!
IT'S A FULLY GROWN, FULLY CLOTHED MAN!
WHAT THE HECK WAS ME DOING INSIDE--NNGH!
HANDS OFF THE MERCHANDISE, BLONDIE!
WAK
H-HE'S ALIVE!
WELL, WELL, WHAT HAVE WE HERE? A CHICK IN A METAL BIKINI, HEH?
I MUSTA DIED AN' GONE TA HEAVEN.
BACK OFF, BLONDIE! SHE'S MY SQUEEZE NOW!
AIN'T YOU, SWEETMEAT?
WHO ARE YOU? WHERE DO YOU COME FROM?
THEY CALL ME QUAGMIRE, AN' I'M FROM EARTH, WHERE ELSE?
NOW C'MON, BABE--YOU DUNNO HOW COLD IT WAS WHERE I'VE BEEN. HOWZABOUT WARMIN' ME UP A BIT, HEH?
NO--NO! GET OFF ME, YOU--
YOU HEARD THE WOMAN, SLEAZE UNHAND HER--NOW!

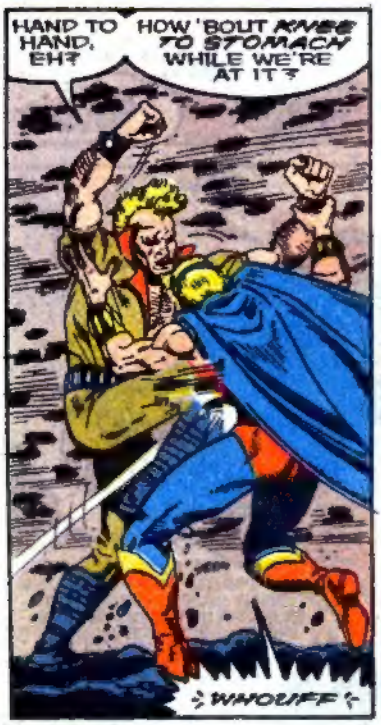

I WARNED YOU.
OUGHH!
SO THOSE FANCY BRACELETS O' YERS SHOOT SOLID LIGHT, HEH?
REMINDS ME OF THIS OTHER FEEB I USETA KNOW.
WELL BRIGHTBOY-- GIMME YER BEST SHOT!
MY MONEY'S ON THE MUCK!
CUTE, REAL, CUTE.
WHAT IS THAT DARK STUFF THAT HE CONJURES UP?
MY WIDE-SPECTRUM ENERGY CONSTRUCTS CAN'T SEEM TO PENETRATE IT!


HERE'S MUD IN YER EYE!
JENNIFER-- BEHIND ME!
HIS MUCK IS PENETRATING MY ENERGY-SHIELD!
YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST ME, BLONDIE!
BUT I GOTTA ADMIRE YA FER TRYIN'!
NO TIME TO PLAY DEFENSE-- I'VE GOT TO TAKE HIM DOWN QUICKLY!
THEN MAYBE I CAN GET TO THE BOTTOM OF ALL THIS.


EYYYN--!
WHOO
YOU LIKE FIGHTING DIRTY, HUH, QUAGMIRE?
TWO CAN PLAY AT THAT.

GONNA GIT YOU FER THAT, MAN! GIT YOU GOOD!
SINCE HIS ENERGY PENETRATES MINE--

--MY BEST BET IS TO FORGET THE PYROTECHNICS...
...AND GO FOR THE MAN!


HAND TO HAND, EH?
HOW 'BOUT KNEE TO STOMACH WHILE WE'RE AT IT?
WHOOFF!

NO, QUAGMIRE, ALL I NEED ARE MY FISTS!
SWOK

WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW... THREE YEARS OF S.H.I.E.L.D. MARTIAL ARTS TRAINING FINALLY PAID OFF!
WHOOF

QUASAR... THE MUDSTORM... I THINK IT--
--IT'S STOPPED!
I GUESS HE HAD TO BE CONSCIOUS TO KEEP IT GOING.
SO WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THE FELLOW?
WHEN HE GRABBED ME, I WAS ABLE TO PLUCK A FEW IMAGES OUT OF HIS MIND.
HE SAYS HE'S FROM EARTH, BUT THE PICTURES IN HIS HEAD ARE FROM A WHOLE 'NOTHER PLACE--AN EARTHLIKE DIMENSION WHERE HE WAS A MEMBER OF A CLUB NAMED THE SQUADRON SUPREME.
HMMM...
HE WAS APPARENTLY SUCKED THROUGH A NEXUS IN THAT DIMENSION AND CAME OUT HERE.
WELL, I'D LIKE TO STAY AND CHAT SOME MORE, MISS KALE, BUT I REALLY OUGHT TO GET THIS FELLOW SOME PLACE SAFE BEFORE HE WAKES UP.
CAN I CALL YOU SOMETIME?
ANY TIME--I'M LISTED!
OH, AND THANKS! IF THE MAN-THING COULD SPEAK, I'M SURE HE'D SAY THE SAME.
ALL IN A DAY'S WORK.
BYE!
DISTURBING TO THINK THERE'S EVEN ONE SUBSTANCE MY QUANTUM-BANDS ARE POWERLESS AGAINST. WELL, BETTER TO REALIZE THAT AT THIS STAGE OF THE GAME!
THE END.

BLACK PANTHER
THE TRAP SPRINGS!
COLDBLOOD
LOOSE IN LAS VEGAS!
QUASAR
VS. QUAGMIRE!™
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